
SMEN, REAL AND NEAR.
BY FRED C. KELLY.
 Write "Personal" on a letter addressed to the President of the United States is just about as active as trying to "Do Not Open Until Christmas" on a peanut and handing it to an eagle in a park squirrel.
 About half the people who write to Woodrow Wilson put "Personal" or "Strictly Confidential" on the envelope, in the belief that no one but the writer and the President will ever see what is inside.
 The writers envelope letters to the president in an envelope addressed to Henry Tumulty and explain to Mr. Tumulty that the letter is about something that the President wouldn't want to get out to know about.
 Other writers send letters in care of one of the President's daughters, the idea being that the President will find the letters on his plate at the next table without any of the secretaries having a chance to mull them over.
 On a matter of fact none of these methods works. Letters that go through any channel, "personal" letters and otherwise, are all opened by Ira Smith, the chief clerk of the White House, it is to do that. About the only letters that Ira Smith ever turns over to the President are those from members of the President's immediate family and even those might be opened for the fact that Mr. Smith has a knack at recognizing handwriting.
 The fact is that it is almost impossible to write a secret to the President when it still a secret when it reaches him. That is one of the great reasons to being "Personal" on letters that reach the White House every day for Ira Smith to open but will run as high as 1,000,000 nothing of perhaps 200 or 300 words. Ordinarily, though, the mail is much smaller. On an average day it is something like 300. A comparatively few really important letters he has only about a dozen to answer personally.
 In addition to these few letters that answers personally, however, are a considerable number that are disposed of by him and the answers brought to the President by his signature. No one is permitted to sign the President's name to the most trivial routine letter.
 Representative Ben Johnson of Kansas is a man who will do anything for or to one, whichever way the scales of the case seem to demand. Kindly disposed, obliging and with inclination to take off his coat and sing, the first time he meets a man, he. Moreover he is reasonably kind of those who trespass against him. But once in a long time he meets somebody that he can't forgive.
 Five years ago Johnson was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of his State, and the nomination that year was equivalent to an election. He would have landed except one man who started some campaign about him.
 He ran along and a few months ago a man who treated Johnson so badly in that race for the Governor—recently desired a certain job and Johnson's influence was needed before he could get it.
 He sought to make peace with Johnson but the latter did not at once become sociable or clubby—not at all. The man sent emissaries to Johnson with the tidings that he realized and once served Johnson a mean dinner, that he was mighty sorry he behaved in such a shameful manner.
 "Are you quite sure the man really sorry?" inquired Johnson with a smile that seemed to bode no ill.
 "Yes indeed," replied the man's emissary. "He is thoroughly sorry. He wishes you to forgive and apologize."
 "I can't think there's no bluff about it," Johnson positively said.
 "He's positively sorry," persisted the man, talking still more amiably.
 "Question about it," the envoy assumed.
 "Yes," said Johnson. "I wish you to just say to the man that he is half as sorry as I intend that he be later on."
 In the bedroom door of the hotel occupied by Vice-President Charles D. Marshall is a horseshoe, the Vice-President's favorite horseshoe, and he never goes to bed without lining up to see if it is still in place. It hadn't been for this horseshoe that Marshall might still be an American country lawyer back in Indiana surrounded by novelists.
 It was on his way to the convention which he was nominated for Governor of Indiana when an old colored man who had at heart his country's good, stopped Marshall and handed him a horseshoe.
 "Give him as he does, in signs and omens and good luck methods, Marshall seized the horseshoe and held it in his hands all during the balloting. He was nominated Governor and except the horseshoe he wouldn't have had a lighter show. The horseshoe and he never else did it.
 In launching the campaign when he was making about making speeches, Marshall carried the horseshoe in his pocket. That enabled him to be elected Governor.
 Throughout the big campaign of 1900 years ago Marshall kept his horseshoe at hand. You would have a difficult time convincing him that it played its part.
WHALING INDUSTRY LIVELY.
Washington, Nov. 14. Writing from Seattle, Canada, Consul Abraham E. says:
 "For the most successful season since the destruction, the Kyauquot whaling station has practically resumed its operations for the year 1914. The whaling season having to a close and the whalers of Green, Blue, Brown, White, Iron, and Steel, Lawrence, and William, with the crews of the fleet, have come and arriving in port and paying off crews.
 The Canadian North Pacific Fisheries Commission has four whaling stations, Kyauquot, Naden Harbor and Rose Bay. Kyauquot has secured by far the best catch, numbering no less than 260 whales. Sechart has held the highest catch until this year. All the whalers have done well this season, and exact figures for all stations have not been announced. It is stated that the catch of this year is better than 1913.
 Another two weeks all of the whaling vessels will have taken their winter catch at Point Ellis bridge in Victoria, which makes it impossible to continue operations, thus ending the whaling season.
 The products, such as whale oil, soap and fertilizer, have been shipped to the main and American markets in large quantities this season."